1: Blackwood E-5 (1929-1930) 1935
ON6 Buka ON6
Kurtatchi

voice and leg, whenever it sounded. Wanias was not present, it would have been considered very unlucky if he had accidentally put in an appearance. Apparently this performance is somewhat in the nature of a rehearsal.

All the next day the whole of the male population of the village was employed in making ceremonial pudding (see Pl. 33). Some of the men varied their labours by making Pan-pipes, and the women were making baskets of plaited coco-nut palm leaves to hold the pudding. These they made smaller than usual, because they were for a child. When the pudding-making was finished the slit-gong was sounded.

Just before sundown two specially large taro tubers, with leaves and stalk still attached, were laid on the front verandah (*tagoan*) of Wanias's maternal grandmother's hut, where he and his mother live (his father is dead). On these was laid a very elaborately worked woman's hood, covered with an embroidered pattern made of strips of fibre and dried leaves, dyed red and brown, the kind of hood women wear on special occasions. On top of this was placed a sucking pig, held down by one of the older men of the village. Pinari, Wanias's mother's mother's brother, whom he calls *tsubunē* (my grandfather), took some lengths of shell currency (*beroan*) and rubbed the pig's sides with it, beginning at the tail. Then he took a large pinna shell full of red paint (*oin*) mixed with coco-nut oil, and rubbed the pig in the same way with that, then with the specially prepared pack, and then with a red loin-cloth. When all these things, which were to come in contact with Wanias in the course of the ceremony, had been passed from head to tail of the pig, it was allowed to run away. Then a number of the women, of both clans, came up in turn, and each sat on the hood for a minute. Two of the women who were *watʃitʃio* to Wanias came first, but others followed who bore no relationship to him. A little girl, younger than Wanias, not related, but of the same clan, was held down on the hood while her hair was carefully trimmed by Koawu, one of the older men (it does not seem to matter who undertakes this duty). He trimmed it all round, particularly just over the temples and behind the ears, making a clean line. The way having been thus prepared, Rus, Wanias's mother, brought the little boy out of the hut and sat down on the hood with him on her lap. Koawu began to trim his hair in the same way. He was not at all pleased with the process, and wriggled so much that it